NORTHSTAR

2 | $2.95 USA $3.15 CANADA | MATURE NOVEMBER 92

ALL NEW STORIES! COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

PREMIERING JAMES O'BARR'S ZEITGEIST!

SLASH

You hold the best independent horror comic on the market today. From cover to cover, the quality doesn't waver. Absolutely the best. Now, I realize that's a lot to say, but I believe it. Superb, literate writing, coupled with the highest quality artwork. And it's all new, and all continuing...all right. So, without further ado...

The much-hyped, long awaited premiere of James O'Barr's **Zeitgeist!** Man-o-man, it was worth the wait! This is a story that has been rattling around in O'Barr's head for a while now, and we here at **Northstar** are just tickled to death (what a way to go) to bring it to you. Mo' violence, mo' violence, mo' violence... Brother, this is just the beginning.

On to **The Hunting**, a raucous-rollercoaster-cliff-hanging, in-your-face, full throttle horror adventure serial certain to leave you gasping on the edge of your seat for more! By the creative team of Raphael Nieves (of **Marvel's** upcoming **Helstrum** series- remember **Son Of Satan?**), and Andy Dimitt (of **Comico's** upcoming **Oblivion** series- perhaps the gutsiest comic of '93), this high-octane adventure really flies. Oh, what a rush...

Now for something completely different...**Burn**, by Frank Gomez & Kyle Hotz. This is horror at it's subtlest. And creepiest. A hallucinogenic, paranoid journey that's going to stick with you long after you've finished reading it. I've seen the upcoming chapters. It only gets weirder. Pure torture...

Now READ it, and WRITE us. We want to know what you think. Do you like the continuing story format? How about the stories? The art? The intro? So many questions...

Slash cereal. It's got a nice flavor to it, wouldn't you agree?

HYPE!

Tunes

Drain
Pick Up Heaven
Trance Syndicate
The perfect soundtrack for speeding along the interstate. More psycho-sludge from Texas, Satan's favorite state. If your in one of those little fuel-efficient Jap shitboxes forget it ,man. This will shred you to pieces.

Urge Overkill
Stull E.P.
Touch and Go
Best fuckin' 1/2 an album this year. Stull, Kansas, is geographically the center of America, and this is the dirty blues from the center of her soul. Plus a cover of Neil Diamond's "Girl, you're a woman now". Way cool.

Flicks/Vid

Tetsuo, The Iron Man
A new dawn is upon us my friends. Man into metal. In one hour this black and white Japanese feature makes Davids Lynch and Cronenberg look like clueless flounders. One to relish.

The Dead Next Door
Zombies, blood, guts, cults, laughs, government death squads. Ranks high on gross outs, yet more than your average splatter picture- it's got a good story. Now don't go telling me you that doesn't matter, you illiterate bastards.

Zines

Speed Kills #3
Nitro-injected mayhem at 248 m.p.h. Show reviews, record reviews, hot rod reviews. The better homes and garden of the underground. Leaves all the others in a cloud of dust.

Got anything you want hyped?
Send it to
Northstar Hype, 2551 N. Clark #402
Chicago, Illinois 60614

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Zeitgeist
HE'S CLOSE. I CAN SMELL IT. IT SMELLS LIKE NEON BLUE. IT SMELLS LIKE SEX.
COME OUT BROTHER KRISHNA. IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
ONE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE I SAW YOU LAST.
PART ONE
J.O'BARR '92

I CAN FEEL THE BONES IN MY NECK CREAKING.
A TIGHT CENTRAL KNOT OF SUFFOCATION.
HEY, DOG, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR LAST MINUTES ON EARTH?

GRUNK
GIVE US A KISS, LOVER.
PROMISE ME YOUR...
...HEART.
FLOP

CATS WERE ALWAYS MORE CIVILIZED.
CLIK
NOT VERY SPORTING OF YOU, KRISHNA...
THERE ARE NO RULES, BROTHER.
SO THE MIGHTY THOR TRADES M'JOLNAR FOR MAGNUM...
THESE ARE NEW TIMES, VOX.
ARE THEY REALLY?
OR ARE YOU JUST GETTING SLOW??!

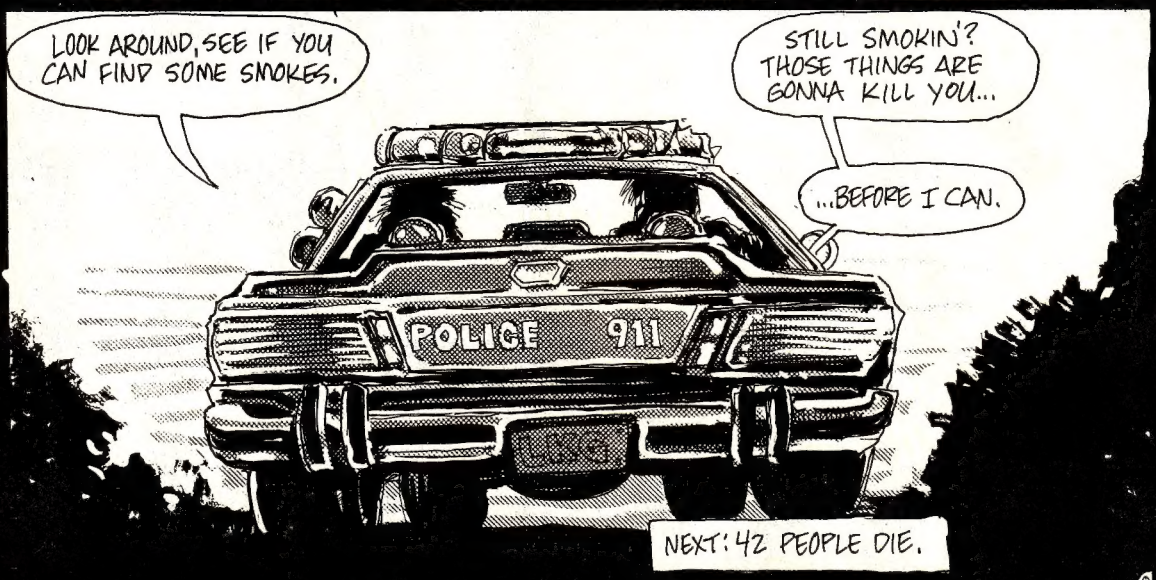
KRISHNA, DEAR BROTHER, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO ME THE LAST TIME? DO YOU??
I REMEMBER, VOX. I REMEMBER IT WASN'T NEARLY ENOUGH.
YOU FUCKING BASTARD!!
COME ON!!
LET'S START THE GAME!!
5

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LURCH.
AH, SO MANY GUNS AND SO LITTLE TO KILL!
ON THE GROUND, MOTHER FUCKER!!
POLICE
POLICE 911
OH, BUT THIS IS MY FAVORITE OVERCOAT...
WHAT THE HELL IS ON YOUR FACE, SMART ASS??
A SMILE.

HEY EDDIE, LOOKS LIKE HE'S RESISTING TO MMMNK...
HE'S MINE.
SMASH
POW
WHA...? LARRY??
LARRY?
EVENING, OFFICER.
FUCK.
ED, MEET MY BROTHER KRISHNA.
KRISHNA...
...THAT WAS ED.
THUNK

HEY, VOX, LETS GO BACK THERE. THIS SEEMS SO... JUVENILE.
I DON'T KNOW. YOU THINK WE'RE WELCOME AFTER THAT MASSACRE THING...??
YOU GIVE A FUCK?
NO...

...IN FACT THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE I WANT TO KILL..
...YOU DRIVE.


LOOK AROUND, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND SOME SMOKES.
STILL SMOKIN'? THOSE THINGS ARE GONNA KILL YOU...
...BEFORE I CAN.
POLICE 911
NEXT: 42 PEOPLE DIE.

HANDS OFF THE MERCHANDISE SCRAGFACE! DON'T OPEN THE GODDAM BAGS!

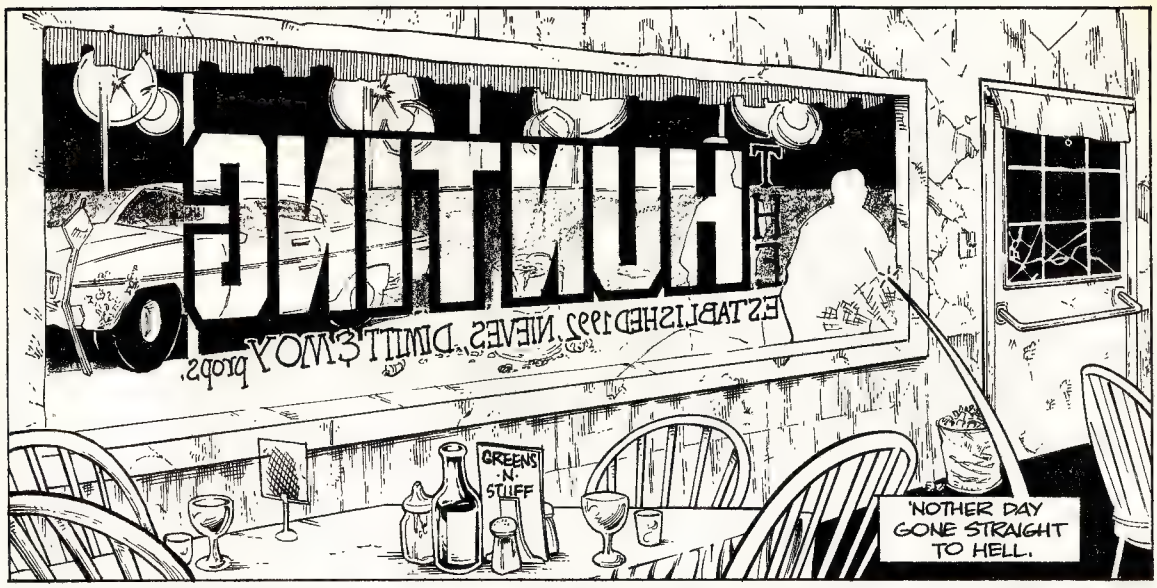
SPLATTER

F I V E

BAGGED AGAIN OR BEHIND THE COUNTER AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

NORTHSTAR

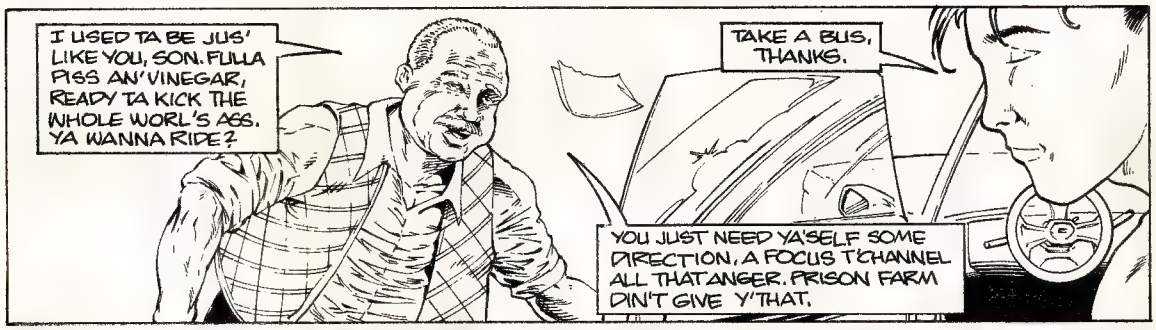
THE INELEGANT CHOICE

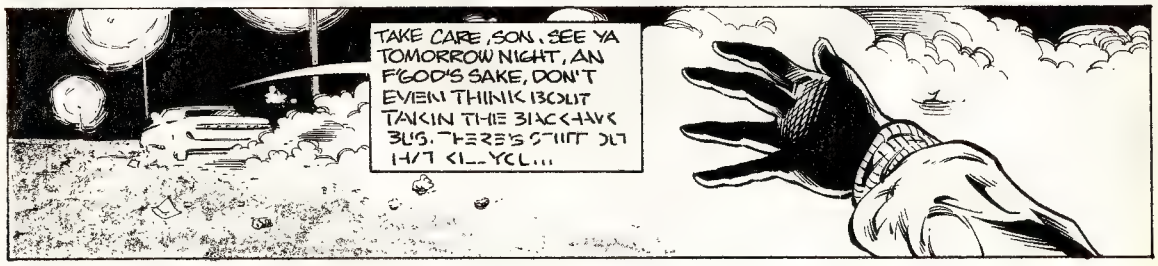

GREENS N STUFF
'NOTHER DAY GONE STRAIGHT TO HELL.

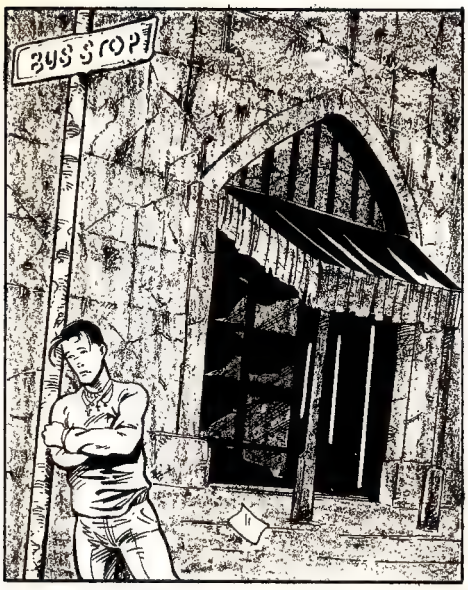
SON-OF-A-BITCHIN' BACK.
SO. HOW'D YA LIKE YA FIRST NIGHT'S A DISHWASHER?

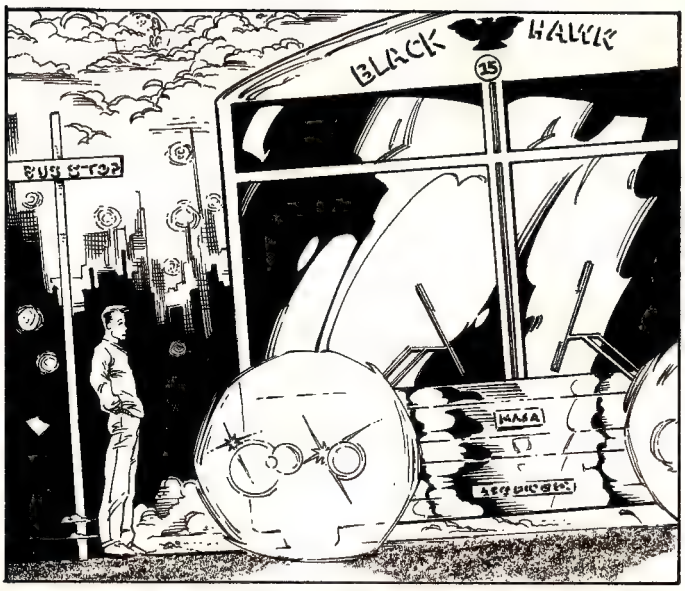
ABEL?
HM? YOU SAY SOMETHING, MR. GREEN?

I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, SON, DISHWASHIN' AIN'T REAL GLAMOROUS OR NOTHIN'. BUT WHAT YOU BEEN THROUGH...
I'M OKAY, MR. GREEN.


I USED TA BE JUS' LIKE YOU, SON. FULLA PISS AN' VINEGAR, READY TA KICK THE WHOLE WORL'S ASS. YA WANNA RIDE?
TAKE A BUS, THANKS.
YOU JUST NEED YA'SELF SOME DIRECTION, A FOCUS T'CHANNEL ALL THAT ANGER. PRISON FARM DIN'T GIVE Y'THAT.


TAKE CARE, SON. SEE YA TOMORROW NIGHT, AN F'GOD'S SAKE, DON'T EVEN THINK BOUT TAKIN THE BLACKHAWK BUS. THERE'S STUFF OUT THAT KILL YOU...


BUS STOP


BLACK HAWK
15
BUS STOP

C'MON, C'MON!
EXIT
LET ME KNOW WHEN WE HIT DIVISION STREET?
YEH, OKAY, C'MON!

NEVER MOON A WEREWOLF
ROB EATS
GOODNIGHT gives GOOD HEAD

"YOU JUST NEED YA'SELF SOME DIRECTION."

"YOU NEED A FOCUS TO CHANNEL THAT ANGER."

HUH!
HEY! DRIVER! DID WE PASS DIVISION ALREADY? DRIVER? YO!
KISS THE MUNCHCRACK
AC/DC RULES
HEY, MAN, I WANT TO GET OFF HERE, OKAY? Y'HEAR ME? SLOW DOWN, MAN! WHAT'S WITH YOU?!
HE WON'T STOP.
THERE'S, LIKE, THIS TWO MILE STRETCH WHERE HE WON'T STOP FOR NO ONE, ON OR OFF.
HE'S SCARED.
YOU-UH-WANT TO GET OFF?
BUT YOU JUST SAID-
WATCH...

STOP.
SCREEEEECH
HOW'D YOU GET HIM TO ST--
C'MON, I KNOW A SHORTCUT TO --DIVISION, YOU SAID?
IT'S YOUR ASS, KID!
VROOOM
THE EVIL WOODCHUCK
ALL NEW GIRLS
MOON BOYS
LOEW
1-ATTACK OF THE KILLER SQUIR
PRETTY QUIET.
Oh, THE FUN DOESN'T START 'TIL LATER, USUALLY ABOUT THIS TIME IT'S AS QUIET AS A--
HAAAROLD!
--TOMB.
HAAROOLD!
'EY! YOU GUYS SEEN HAROLD? I CAN' FINE 'IM ANYWHERE. H'WAS S'POSE T'WAIT F'ME, BU' TH' PECKERHEAD TOOK OFF WI WITH VERONICA
AIN'T SEEN 'IM.
I HAVE.

COME ON.
BUT--
COOL! LE'S GO, DUDE

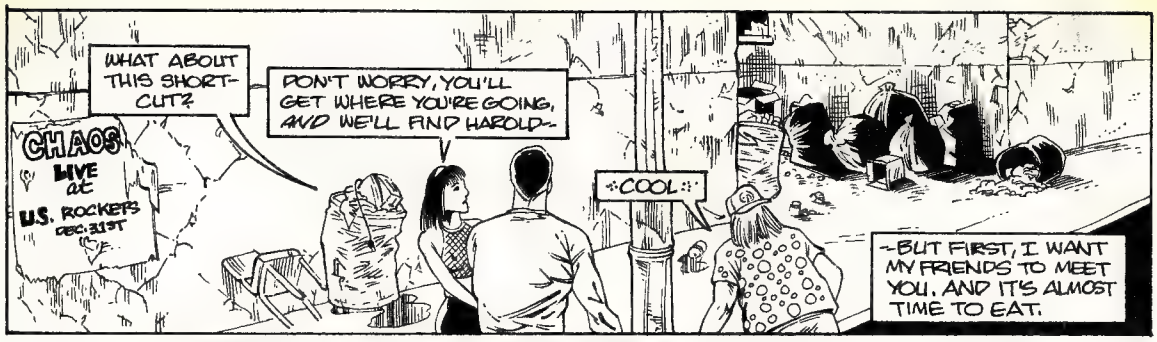
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE 'HAROLD' IS? WE JUST GOT OFF THE BUS.
YOU WANT HIM WANDERING AROUND ALONE?
I RILLY 'PRECIATE THISH, GUYSH

HEY AF'ER WE FINE HAROLD AN' I KICK IS ASS, I'MA BUY YOU'S A BREWSHKI, 'KAY?*

I DON'T DRINK.

*HA' 'BOUT YOU, BABE?
I DON'T DRINK--

WAYNE
--BEER.
HAH


WHAT ABOUT THIS SHORT-CUT?
CHAOS LIVE at U.S. ROCKETS DEC. 31ST
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET WHERE YOU'RE GOING, AND WE'LL FIND HAROLD--
COOL
--BUT FIRST, I WANT MY FRIENDS TO MEET YOU. AND IT'S ALMOST TIME TO EAT.

HERE WE ARE, AND HEEERE'S--

HAROLD!

HAROLD YOU SHIT! I OUGHT TO BUST YOU--

upside your head...
HOLY--

SHIT!

NOW, HANDSOME~

?!

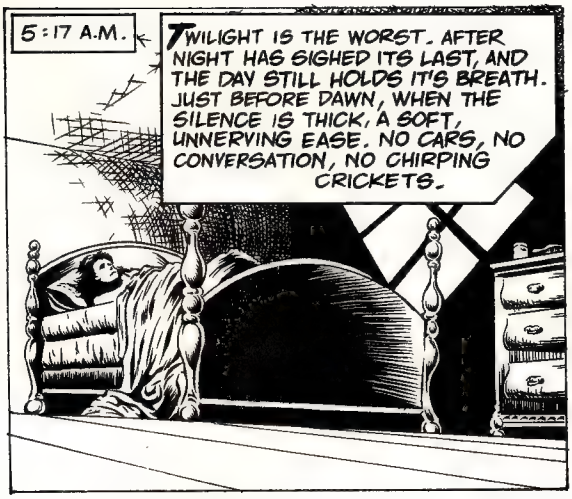
GET HIM!

AAARGH!

"NOTHER DAY GONE STRAIGHT TO HELL."
"IT'S ALMOST TIME TO EAT."
"I WANT TO GET OFF HERE, OKAY?"
"IT'S YOUR ASS, KID."
CONTINUED...

YES YOU
YOU CAN SEE IT ALL!
OH GOD!
NO! DON'T
OH GOD!
PLEASE...
"MACABRE EROTICA"
ONE OF FOUR
YES! HE
YES! MASTER
YES!
YES! PAIN
YES!
NO HE DID! NO SEX
TIM VIGIL DID IT!
IT HURTS
WHY?
YES!
BUT YES!
NORTHSTAR PUBLISHING
NO MORE
A FOUR POSTER SET • FULL COLOR
T. VIGIL

5:17 A.M.
INTENSIVE CARE
SO HE SAYS "JESUS CHRIST, HE IS HE TOUGH! NO, REALLY...
OH, FUCK...
AHAHAHA
WELL MY WIFE SAYS "NEXT TIME TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF."
LIKE THE OTHER DAY I WAS MOWING THE LAWN, AND IT WAS HOT SO I TOOK MY SHIRT OFF, AND I GOT A STIFF BACK.
HAHAHA
HAHAHA AAAHAHAHAH
SHIT... YOU EVER MEET MY WIFE? NO?
AAHAHA HAH
GUESS YOU WEREN'T NEVER IN THE NAVY!
HAHA HAHA HAA
AHAHAHA HAHA
HUH, HUH? OH JESUSFUCKINCHRIST... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, I MEAN, LAST TIME I SAW SOMEONE WITH SO MANY TUBES GOING IN AND OUT OF THEM IT WAS X-RATED... DOUBLE-FEATURE!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... SWEET GOD, I'M SINKING...
HAHAHA HAAHA


5:17 A.M.
TWILIGHT IS THE WORST. AFTER NIGHT HAS SIGHED ITS LAST, AND THE DAY STILL HOLDS IT'S BREATH. JUST BEFORE DAWN, WHEN THE SILENCE IS THICK, A SOFT, UNNERVING EASE. NO CARS, NO CONVERSATION, NO CHIRPING CRICKETS.

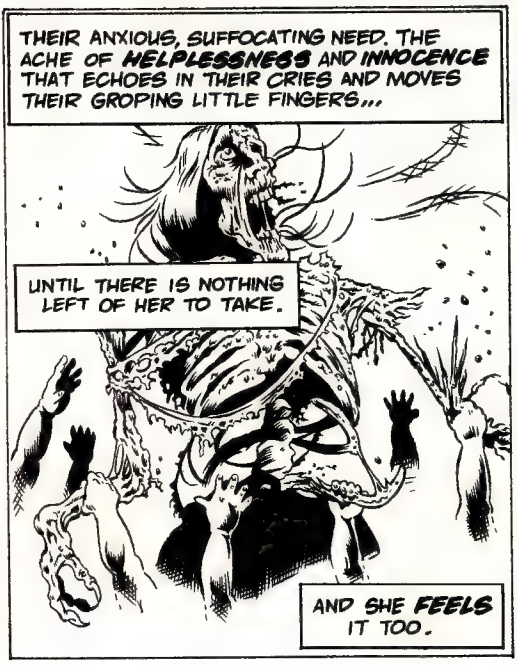
WITH ONLY THE DREAM TO SHATTER THAT SILENCE.

"THEIR SCREAMS ARE DEAFENING. BUT IT'S THEIR NEED, THE FEAR, THAT HANGS IN THE AIR LIKE A STORM."

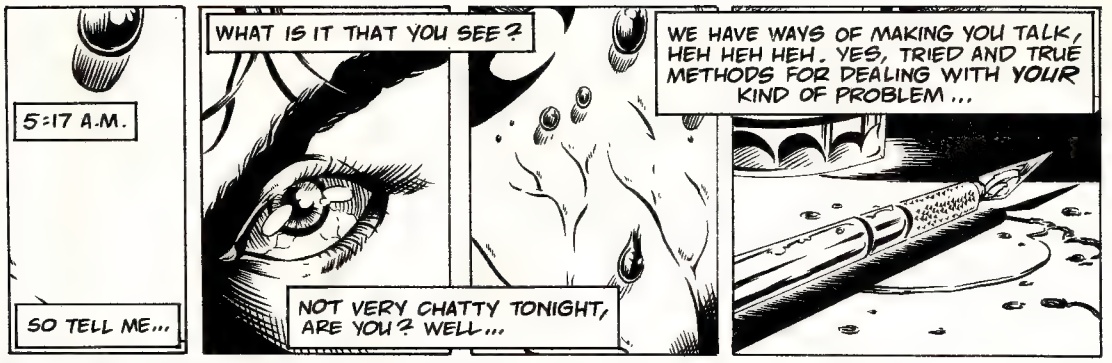
"THEY NEED. LITTLE ARMS GRASPING -- PULLING HER DOWN AS SHE BENDS TO COMFORT THEM."

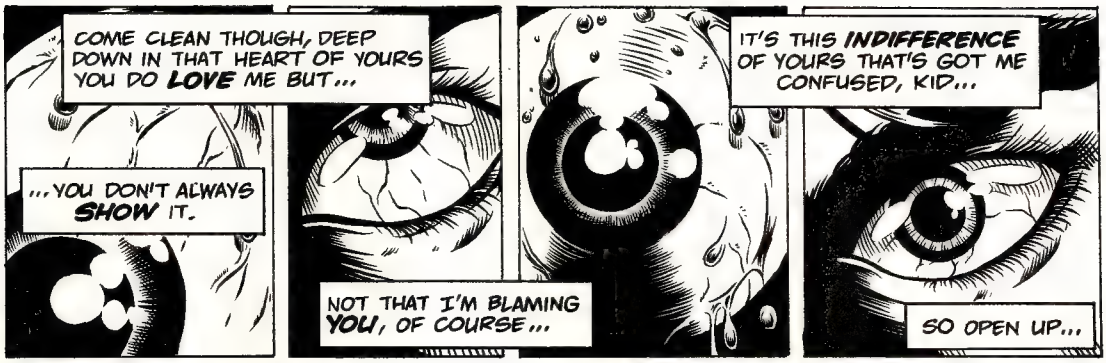
LITTLE HANDS TEARING, DIGGING...
...RIPPING HER APART.
STILL, SHE DESPERATELY TRIES TO QUIET THEIR CHOKING SOBS.

"...FOR SHE IS AS DESPERATE AS THEY ARE."
"OLD BRITTLE BONES SNAP AND SPLINTER, SAGGING FLESH IS TORN AWAY LIKE DRY BURLAP. STILL, IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEIR NEED..."


THEIR ANXIOUS, SUFFOCATING NEED. THE ACHE OF HELPLESSNESS AND INNOCENCE THAT ECHOES IN THEIR CRIES AND MOVES THEIR GROPING LITTLE FINGERS...
UNTIL THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF HER TO TAKE.
AND SHE FEELS IT TOO.

WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS TO ME?





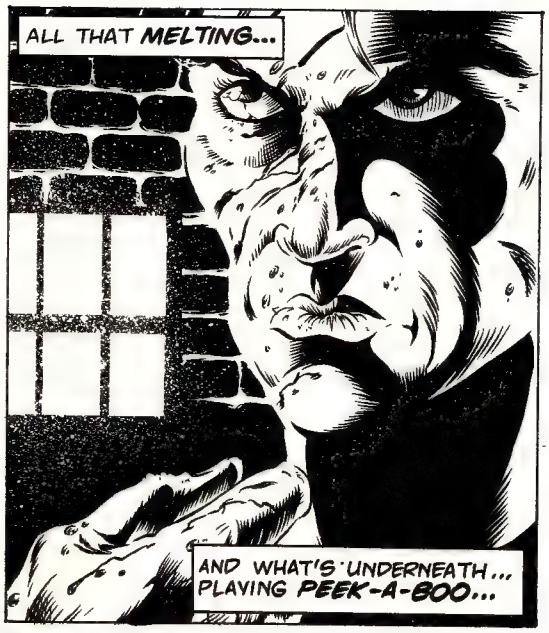
BURN

Chapter One: Loneliness Is An Eyesore

Frank Gomez words. Kyle Hotz pictures. Joseph Allen letters.

THE SMELL. THAT'S THE FIRST VERY NOTICEABLE DIFFERENCE, MAN...
ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE AIR IS THICK WITH IT EVERYWHERE, ALL AROUND. CHANGING THE WARMLY FAMILIAR INTO, WHAT DISTANT... AN ECHO. COOL.
REAL SLIPPERY, TASTY ... LIKE A SHADOW STRETCHING...
DARTING CRAZY THROUGH OLD MEMORIES...
...SOME KIND OF FLUID BULLET SHOT AT...
SUMMERTIME. SMELLS LIKE SUMMERTIME. LIKE FERTILIZER AFTER A NICE JUICY RAIN.
...I DO LOVE IT WHEN IT RAINS.

PLOP!
IN WINTER. WHEN IT RAINS IN WINTER.


ALL THAT MELTING...
AND WHAT'S UNDERNEATH... PLAYING PEEK-A-BOO...

GREY AND MUDDY AND SO LIFELESS...

BUT UNDER THAT... UNDER THAT BROWN SHITTY MUD.....

NEW SMELLS. CHOICE, NEW, BEAUTIFUL SMELLS.

I WONDER WHAT YOU SMELL LIKE NOW. I REMEMBER HOW YOU USED TO SMELL. ESPECIALLY IN THE MORNING, THAT WAS THE LAST MORNING, WASN'T THAT? OR WAS IT LAST NIGHT?

IT WAS THE LAST TIME, RIGHT?

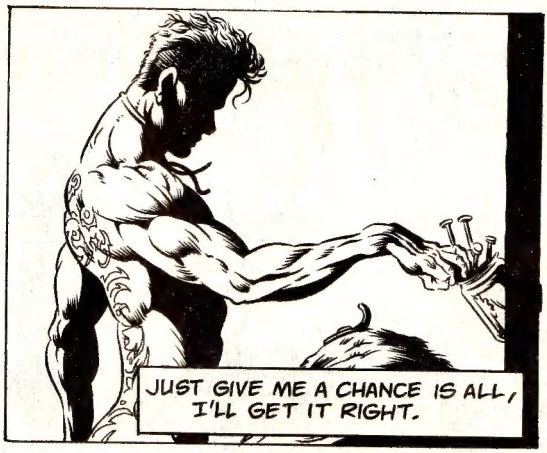
EVERY DAY'S THE FUCKING LAST TIME. FUCK YOU, ANYWAY...

JUST HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU EXPECT ME TO PLAY IT OVER IN MY LITTLE HEAD? EVERY NUANCE, EVERY STINKING DETAIL...

WELL, I'M SORRY...

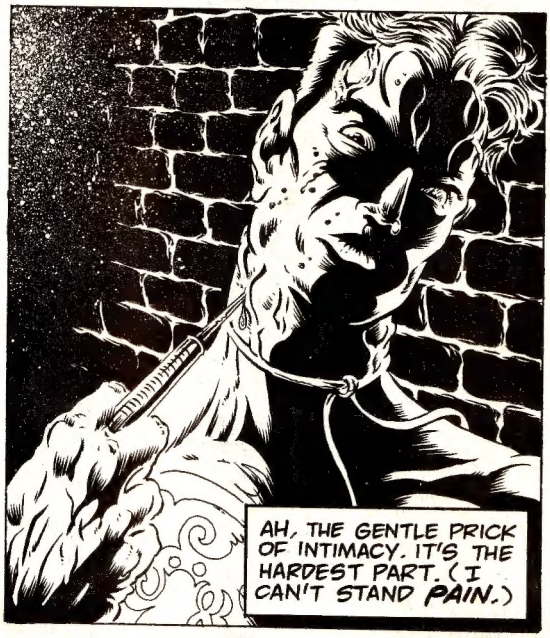
SO VERY SORRY...

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, BABY... I'LL FIX IT.


JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE IS ALL, I'LL GET IT RIGHT.

ALL FOR YOU.

HELL, I'LL FIX EVERYTHING.


AH, THE GENTLE PRICK OF INTIMACY. IT'S THE HARDEST PART. (I CAN'T STAND PAIN.)

IT'S SO HOT AT FIRST ... IT'S EMBARRASING.
"LIKE EVERYBODY'S WATCHING ME-- I'M NAKED. (YOU KNOW THE DREAM.)"

THEN ... THAT FAMILIAR KICK RIGHT IN THE HEART.

STARING ... PRYING ... NEXT A BIG WHITE BURST...

THEN NOTHING ... AT ALL.
NO PAIN NO PANIC NO SHAME NO RESIDUE. ONLY YOU ... ALL FOR YOU.

I WILL BE A GOOD BOY.

5:17 A.M.

SAME THING EVERY MORNING, HUH? YOU KNOW I DON'T EVEN HAVETA USE THE REGISTER FOR YOU ANYMORE. CIGGS, TWO AND A HALF. COFFEE, SIXTY NINE. BEER, THREE AND A QUARTER. PAPER--

GIVE ME A LOTTERY TICKET, TOO.

HUH?

A LOTTERY TICKET.

WHY, YOU FEELIN' LUCKY?

MAN, NOW I GOTTA START OVER.

COFFEE, SIXTY NINE...

HAH... YA, LUCKY. THAT'S ME, MR. LUCKY.

MILK 2% $1.18

LOTTO

NEWS

MR. LUCKY WASTES A DOLLAR. WHAT THE HELL--SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WIN... SOOO, LET'S SEE WHO'S SCREWING WHO TODAY...

NO...

Lucky

past. For most of h
ult life, "Mr. Luck
as chosen the path
east resistance, and
with the best hope
results. A divorced
of three, "Mr. Lu
ife is a self-pro

NO!

SKLOORCH!

NO NO NO NO

Change For "Mr. Luck

A middle-aged
sian male, who
ly began referring
imself as "Mr.
y", today broke a
e that he had firmly
lished throughout a
me of habitual
vior.

Mr. Lucky", who
ks as a night shift
tant supervisor in a
ntown printing plant,
ped in the same
nty-four hour corner
cery that he does
ry single day when
s through working.
ere he regularly
chases cigarettes,
ffee, beer, and this
wspaper, (which he
ers to as his morning
ces,) and, more
erestingly, a lottery
ket, thereby instituting
change in his normal
utine.

Soon afterwards, "Mr. this purchase, but quickly reassured himself that "somebody has to win." In the case of a rollover, however, this would not be true. There would be no winner, and the jackpot would be added to next week's drawing.

It is this particular kind of detail that has always alluded "Mr. Lucky" in the past. For mo
adult life, "Mr.
has chosen the
least resistance,
with the best h
results. A divorc
of three, "Mr.
life is a self-p
"shambles."

The exact va
lottery ticket is
unknown.

The Boil That Won't Go

In a related story, "Mr. Lucky" suffered minor discomfort due to a boil located on his buttocks. The pain occurred when "Lucky" sat down on the hood of his car to read this newspaper. The boil, which has been infected for a number of days, was further irritated when a startled "Mr Lucky" slid off the car hood upon seeing this late break

As is custo
most of hi
problems, "M
chose to ig
existence of
believing th
any kind of t
would eventua
its own. W
will hold true
remains to be
is known is t
"Mr Lucky
serious healt

CONTINUED...

CALL HIM

"SKULLROCKER"

FROM THE PAGES
OF

ZEITGEIST

COMES A
WALL-SIZE 24" 36"
FULL COLOR POSTER

FROM

JAMES O'BARR

CREATOR OF "CROW"

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